

The **PHONO GRAM**

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T H I R D N U M B E R

JULY

1900



**PRINTED MONTHLY
FOR THOSE INTER-
ESTED IN PHONES,
GRAPHS, GRAMS &
SCOPES. DEVOTED
TO THE ARTS OF**

**RECORDING AND REPRODUCING
SOUND.**

The PHONOGRAM

SUBSCRIPTION THIRTY CENTS A YEAR

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¶ The title of this periodical has been chosen for its peculiar significance; *φωνη*, PHONE, the voice, and *γραμμα*, GRAM, that which is written. In simple words, THE PHONOGRAM is a magazine devoted to the arts of recording and reproducing sound.

THE PHONOGRAPH AS AN AID TO COMPOSERS.

According to M. Saint-Saëns, the distinguished French composer, pianist and traveller, there is not the slightest doubt that Phonographs can be made of great service to musicians.

“When I was at Las Palmas,” he says, “one of my friends received an excellent Phonograph from Paris, and he asked me one day to play something on the piano in front of the receiver, as he wished to make a record. I sat down and played my ‘Valse Canariote.’ While the Phonograph was repeating what I had played I listened with much curiosity and interest. I at once saw, or rather heard, two grave mistakes that I had made. In one part the music was more quick than I intended, and in another the rhythm was faulty. These mistakes I subsequently corrected.”—*Exchange*.

SPOONER'S DOG.

Spooner has a medium sized brownish dog.

Spooner lives in a flat ; one of the latest kind where they squeeze in two on a twenty-five foot lot. Spooner went out in the suburbs last Sunday to call on a friend, and took his family with him, including the dog.

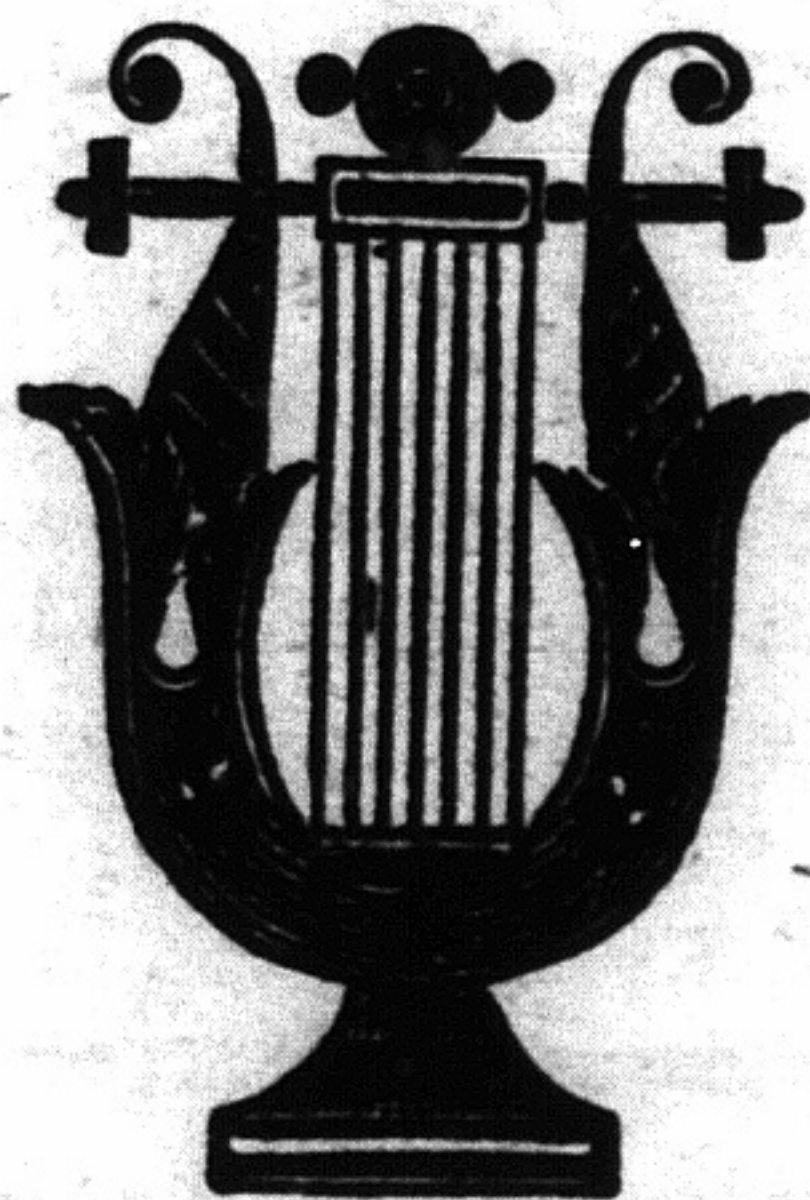
Spooner won't speak to his friend now ; and all because his friend laughed at the way the dog wagged his tail ; not sideways, in ordinary dog fashion, but up and down, like a pump handle.

Such is the effect of environment.

A Charming Little Love Poem

We Sat Apart

by Eugene Lee



PRICE, POSTPAID, FIFTY CENTS

Printed by AUGUSTE GIRALDI
and published by him at No. 139 FIFTH
AVENUE, New York City.

A POEM FOR SMOKERS.

1. Tobacco's but an Indian weed
Grows green at morn, cut down at eve,
It shows our decay, we are but clay,
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.
2. The pipe that is so lily white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Is broke with a touch—man's life is such,
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.
3. The pipe that is so foul within
Shows how man's soul is stained with sin;
And then the fire it doth require
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.
4. The ashes that are left behind
Do serve to put us all in mind,
That unto dust return we must;
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.
5. The smoke that does so high ascend
Shows us man's life must have an end;
The vapor's gone—man's life is done,
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

—*Old English Verse.*

MR. OPENEER

A Short Biography, by H. A. SHATTUCK

Often have I been asked of late, "Who is this Mr. Openeer that writes for THE PHONOGRAM?"

Friends, if anyone can tell you about him, I am the one; for I have known him since boyhood. I went to school with him. He wrote my compositions for me. He helped me with my algebra, and we were in partnership in an experimental laboratory while we studied Physics and Chemistry. We also kept chickens. We printed a monthly paper called "The North Star." So I know him well, and he is a good fellow and has a rare mind.

We separated. He went to college and I went to business. He wanted to go into business but his father said "College;" while I wanted to go to college and my father said "Business." That is the way things get twisted in this world of sorrow. For some reason or other he left college and studied Art; and for some reason or other I didn't get along in the leather trade and tried the advertising business. In the meantime he dropped Art, and also drifted into the advertising. Thus after many years, we came together again, and I began to know him better than ever.

We stayed together in the advertising business for several years. Then I became interested in talking machines, and so did Openeer. I finally drifted into the publishing business, with THE PHONOGRAM, (and one or two other little things) as the result. Openeer floated around among the different talking machine companies and picked up quite a general idea of the business. The outcome was that he

became an Enthusiast, if ever there was one; and a fairly well informed Enthusiast, too. At one time he left the talking machine business for about a year, and went on the road for a chemical syndicate; but his heart wasn't in chemicals so he floated back to the Phonograph line. He says it's his life work.

Well do I remember our first experience with a talking machine. He was clerking for a company that sold Gramophones. He was only a quill driver in the order department, (taken on during the holiday rush) and wasn't supposed to know anything about the selling end of the business. Just after Christmas he borrowed a machine and a lot of records for one night, and invited me around to his house to hear the blooming thing. We sat up till half-past one in the morning playing and replaying the records—over and over and over. I suppose everyone is the same way the first night the new talking machine comes home. We tried all sorts of experiments. We even played it out on the front stoop, taking turns going down the street for four or five blocks, to see how far it could be heard. Finally the baby commenced to cry and Mrs. Openeer sternly demanded from the top of the stairs when we were going to stop that horrid racket.

Then he sold Graphophones for a while. By that time the keen edge of the novelty had worn off, and we were interested only in a very critical sense. Here was a machine that would not only play records, but would make them also. How we did experiment with this new feature! We talked, we sang and we played the piano night after night. We pounced upon our friends and lured them to Openeer's house, to play banjo, cornet, flute, or violin,

so that we might try the different effects. We even made the baby cry into the horn. The making of records is more than half the fun of owning a Phonograph.

After a while he joined the Edison Phonograph people. That was after his year on the road selling chemicals. The first thing he did was to write a little book of experiences, which he called "What Mr. Openeer Heard." Then he wrote a short pamphlet "Three Greek Roots," telling the difference between the various talking machines. A little later he bubbled over with another short Phonograph story, "How We Gave a Phonograph Party," followed by an educational article on "The Secret of Making Phonograph Records." Then he looked into the matter of language study, and, in collaboration with Professor Cortina, of the Cortina School of Languages, he produced "The Phonograph as an Aid to Language Study," a booklet that has been reprinted either in part or in its entirety by newspapers in all parts of the country. This was followed by a pamphlet on "The Phonograph in the Arts of Stenography and Typewriting," written in the form of a conversation between himself and Mr. Charles F. Johnson, an expert of national reputation, and who supplied many of the interesting facts which the pamphlet sets forth.

Openeer is an Enthusiast and no mistake. And he is a *practical* Enthusiast. I understand that the Company for whom he prepared these booklets has circulated over a half a million of them, and that editions are now preparing in French, Russian, German and Spanish.

Openeer also had a hand in the preparation of the recent Handbook of the Phonograph, published by the National Phonograph Co. He has a set of scrap books at his home

that are very interesting to look over, and judging from the favorable press notices that he has collected, I think the Handbook must have been a Good Thing.

Right here I will mention an article I have secured from the pen of Mr. Openeer, entitled "The Scrap Book Habit"—to appear in September PHONOGRAM.

In personal appearance Mr. Openeer is not unlike the picture of the Enthusiast, as portrayed by my friend CLELAND on the next page. He does not wear his hair quite so long, but his features are not dissimilar. He lounges around at home in the strangest looking smoking jacket I ever saw, and he smokes villainous churchwardens, foul with age and nicotine, which he guards with jealous care from Mrs. Openeer and the housemaid. CLELAND don't know how to draw a Phonograph horn and he has made Openeer's tobacco jar look like a beer mug; which the same is libelous, as Openeer is a church deacon. But he has caught the air of content and sweet peace of mind with wonderful fidelity; likewise the stained glass window in Openeer's study, with its row of flower-pots. Many a time have I seen Openeer sitting thus enraptured by some new Phonograph record.

He has several hundred records at his home, contained in numbered drawers, with a carefully prepared index; although he knows, without looking, exactly where to place his hand on any one in his whole collection. One drawer is under lock and key. It contains his favorites. "Romance from L'Eclair"—"Selections from Sonnambula"—"Dinah Polka"—"Titl's Serenade"—"Bohemian Girl"—"La Secret Polka"—"Cradle Song"—"The Pickaninnies"—Olcott's "Irish Serenade" and "M.

E



E is ENTHUSIAST
You never could find
A more touching example
Of sweet peace of mind.

Wild Irish Rose" and about a dozen others. I have known him to play these twenty records over at one sitting, without saying a word, betimes smoking his churchwarden placidly, with an air of Content and Calm Satisfaction that would drive a Hermit to drink, for very envy.

Such is my Character Sketch of Mr. Openeer—the Ideal Ethusiast.

THE DEACON'S DREAM.

"May you take this lesson home with you to-night my dear friends," concluded the preacher at the end of a very long and wearisome sermon. "And may its spiritual truths sink deep into your hearts and lives to the end that your souls may experience salvation. We will now bow our heads in prayer. Deacon White, will you lead?"

There was no response.

"Deacon White" (this time in a louder voice) "Deacon White, will you lead?" Still no response. It was evident that the Deacon was slumbering. The preacher made a third appeal and raised his voice to a pitch that succeeded in waking the drowsy man.

"Deacon White, will you please lead?"

The deacon rubbed his eyes, and opened them wonderingly.

"Is it my lead? No—I just dealt."—From the *Detroit Free Press*.

THE PRACTICE OF PAYING SALARIES TO PREACHERS.

I think it is a mistake. When you pay a man for telling you things, self interest will prompt that man not to tell you anything that may displease you. Patronage in literature is fatal to the highest art, and wages to a preacher, probably, will cause the man to dilute his homily to fit your ears. The men who have led nations out of captivity have never been baited by a quarterly prebend. The clergy should be free, for their own good and ours. Every preacher should join the ranks of useful industry, and thus secure for himself economic freedom. Then when he has a message let him stand up and say it.

That the clergy outranks in intelligence and integrity any of the other learned professions, there is little doubt; but the grim fact remains that under present conditions a preacher, usually, is merely an attorney for the defense—a paid minion—often on half-rations, and therefore powerless to express his better self—preaching only goose-dogma, that a goose is fore-ordained to be roasted.

In East Aurora is a clergyman whose salary is something less than six hundred dollars a year. In fact there are five other clergymen in the town in a like predicament, for in East Aurora, as in all other country villages, religion is competitive, not co-operative. The result is that the pews of no church are ever all filled, and the pulpit has a fierce struggle to exist.

So grievous has this rivalry been at times that the peace of the community has been threatened. Think of it, in a little town—six churches to heat and light, six parsonages to

keep in order, six preachers to pay—and an average attendance in each church of about fifty.

Surely it is a great economic waste, not to mention the fact that this separation has a tendency to develop much ill-will.

So once, in an earnest wish to bring about co-operation and abolish this wasteful competition, I issued a manifesto to the people of the village suggesting we form a Theological Trust, and do away with all churches but one. I offered to be the pastor myself to the whole people, without pay, and that there might be no hardship on part of the deposed preachers, I proposed that they all go to work in the Roycroft Shop.

Do you think they made haste to accept my proposition? Well, I guess not.

I was denounced in every pulpit, prayed for in every prayer meeting, abused at the grocery, ignored at the Postoffice, proclaimed a varlet at the Woman's Club, vilified at the Railroad Station whenever I went down to see the four o'clock train come in.

For a month I dared not appear on the street unless attended by Sammy the Artist, Ali Baba, Saint Jerome and the Red One, all carrying goodly truncheons.—ELBERT HUBBARD in May *Philistine*.

GODS—CREEDS.

So many GODS—so many CREEDS
So many paths that wind and wind
When just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

—*Century Magazine*.

**CAL STEWART**

UNCLE JOSH WEATHERSBY MAKES A FEW
COMMENTS ON THE WEEKLY PAPER
AT PUNKIN' CENTRE.

Wall I thought I had seen about everything worth lookin' at here in New York, till the other day; when I was walkin along Broadway and I came to that Herald news paper place. Wall I stopped to look at it and it darned near took my breath away. If any body had ever told me there was that much Macheenery in the whole world I hardly think I would a beleaved them. I stood there watchin' them printin' masheens a runnin', paper goin in at one end and comin out at the other all printed chuck full of picters and put together ready to sell and I guess my my eyes stuck out like bumps on a log.

The biggest masheen I'd ever seen afore was Silas Pettingill's new thrashin' masheen. It sort of put me in mind of a paper we had down home once, we called it the Punkin' Centre Weekly Bugle, old Jim Maine he was the editor of it. Jim wasn't much acount at anything so we 'lowed he ought to make a purty good editor. Wall Jim he had his place up over Ezra Hoskin's Grocery Store, and we used to set around the store and sort of wait for the paper to come out. You see Jim he never got any money for the newspaper, he always got paid in produce and Ezra's store was a purty good place to take in his subscriptions.

Wall the paper came out purty regular for a while, till one day a feller give Jim a keg of hard cider for a year subscription to the paper and we all 'lowed right then that some thing was goin' to happen and it did. You see about that time Jim had got two advertisements; one was for the

Punkin Centre Railroad and the other was for Ruben Jackson's Restaurant.

Wall Jim got to drinkin' the hard cider, and settin' type at the same time.

When the paper came out on Thursday, it was a sight. Near as I can remember it said that Ruben Jacksons' Restaurant would leave the Depot every morning at eight o'clock, for beef steak and mutton stews, and would change cars at White River Junction, for mince and punkin pies, and that Cottage Pudding would be a flag station for coffee and dough nuts, like Mother used to make, and that the depot wouldn't run on Sundays, cause the depot agent who done the cookin' would run an extry on that day over the chicken and ham sandwich division.

I believe that was the last issue of The Punkin' Centre Weekly Bugle.

CAL STEWART.

PRESERVING THE SONGS OF A DYING NATION.

When Mr. Edison invented the Phonograph scores of prophecies were made as to its use and value to mankind. These prophecies are coming true in many remarkable ways. Recently it has proved of great service ethnologically in producing Indian music as it is heard in the wigwams themselves.

At the last meeting of the American Folklore Society the lecture was illustrated by a number of songs collected by a young lady who spent several years on Indian reservations studying oboriginal melodies. The machine sang war, peace, love, wolf, funeral and death songs; although to the untrained ear of most of the audience the distinctions were not very great.

NEW EDISON CONCERT RECORDS

Band Records

played by the
Edison Grand Concert Band.

- B 375 Selections from Don Carlos *Operatic*
- B 373 From Battle to Victory March
- B 376 Loyal Legion March
- B 377 Manisot March
- B 372 Meyerbeer's Torchlight Dance
- B 374 My Hannah Lady

Orchestra Records

played by the
Peerless Orchestra (P.) and the Edison Symphony
Orchestra (E.)

- B 438 Battle of Manassas *Descriptive* (E)
- B 437 La Paloma (E)
- B 397 The Man Behind the Gun March (P)

Songs in English

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| B 432 A Face Behind a Mask <i>Sentimental</i> | Joe Natus |
| B 410 Flee as a Bird <i>Sacred</i> | W. F. Hooley |
| B 415 Cypsy Love Story <i>From Fortune Teller</i> | W. F. Hooley |
| B 429 Her Name is Rose <i>Sentimental</i> | Joe Natus |
| B 386 In Old Ben Franklin's Day <i>Comic ; from</i>
<i>The Ameer</i> | Dan W. Quinn |
| B 411 Kathleen Mavourneen | W. F. Hooley |
| B 414 My Money Never Gives Out <i>Comic</i> | Dan W. Quinn |
| B 416 No Show To-night | Dan W. Quinn |
| B 412 Schubert's Serenade | W. F. Hooley |

NEW EDISON CONCERT RECORDS

Songs in English (concluded)

- B 433 She is an All Right Girl *Sentimental* Joe Natus
B 430 She Rests by the Swanee River *Sentimental* Joe Natus
B 434 Since That Day *Sentimental* Harry MacDonough
B 431 The Fatal Rose of Red *Sentimental* Joe Natus
B 435 The Love-lorn Lily *Sentimental* Harry MacDonough
B 436 Wait *Sentimental* Harry MacDonough

Male Duets

by Madeira and Harlan

- B 423 He Carved His Mother's Name Upon a Tree
B 428 I Left Because I Loved You
B 424 In the Shadow of the Pines
B 426 My Old New Hampshire Home
B 427 Where the Sweet Magnolias Bloom
B 425 While the Leaves Came Drifting Down

Male Quartettes

by the Edison Male Quartette

- B 418 Camp Meeting Jubilee
B 420 Carry Me Back to Old Virginia
B 422 County Fair *Descriptive*
B 367 Louisiana Lou
B 419 Moonlight on the Lake
B 417 My Lady Lou
B 366 Where the Sweet Magnolias Bloom

NEW EDISON CONCERT RECORDS

Minstrel Records

- B 370 Christy Minstrel, 1st part (Minstrel)
B 371 Minstrel Scene

Songs in French

by Madam Alba

- B 11061 Air de la Favorite "O non Fernand"
B 11059 Air "Hamlet"
B 11058 Cantabile
B 11060 Mignon by Gounod

Duets in French

Madam Alba and M. Begue

- B 11046 Allegro From *Trovatore*
B 11045 Grace Contemple From *Trovatore*
B 11049 Le Petit Noel
B 11044 Mignon "A tu Souffert"
B 11048 Pardonnez Moi

Songs in Italian

by Sig. Achille Alberti

- B 11052 Aria, 1st Act Ballo in Maschera
B 11053 Barcarolla Opera "Giseonda"
B 11055 Brindisi Opera "Il Guarana"
B 11051 Il Balen from "Il Trovatore"
B 11050 Infelice
B 11054 Prologo Opera "Pagliacci"
B 11056 Romanza L'Ebreo

NEW EDISON CONCERT RECORDS

Italian Duets

by Madam Noldi and Sig. Alberti

B 11047 L'Addio, by Nicolai

B 11057 Miserere

Talking Records

B 409 Hi Holler on Pickings from Puck Felix Haney

B 408 Hi Holler Out Hunting *Recitation* Felix Haney

B 378 Meeting of School House Directors Cal Stewart

B 379 Uncle Josh at the Circus Cal Stewart

B 400 Uncle Josh's Trip to Coney Island Cal Stewart

B 399 Uncle Josh and the Fire Department Cal Stewart

B 381 Uncle Josh and the Lightning Rod Agent
Cal Stewart

B 383 Uncle Josh in a Police Court Cal Stewart

B 398 Uncle Josh and Signs Seen in New York
Cal Stewart

B 380 Uncle Josh in Society Cal Stewart

B 401 Uncle Josh on the Spanish Question Cal Stewart

B 382 Uncle Josh in a Street Car Cal Stewart

Trombone Solos

by Leo Zimmerman

B 406 Blue Bells of Scotland with Orchestra accompani-
ment

B 392 El Miserere

B 413 Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep with Orchestra
Accompaniment

B 390 Romanza with Orchestra Accompaniment

B 405 Sea Shell Waltz with Orchestra Accompaniment

B 391 Tuberosa Polka

NEW EDISON CONCERT RECORDS*Violin Solos*

B 368	Down at Finnigan's Jamboree	<i>Descriptive</i> Chas. D'Almaine
B 395	Hungarian Dance	Wallace Fredericks
B 393	La Somnambula	Wallace Fredericks
B 385	Melody by Sarasate	Wallace Fredericks
B 403	Old Black Joe	Wallace Fredericks
B 394	Pizzicati	Wallace Fredericks
B 396	Scenes that are Brightest	Wallace Fredericks
B 404	Second Mazurka	Wallace Fredericks
B 402	Spanish Dance	Wallace Fredericks
B 369	Then You'll Remember Me	Chas. D'Almaine
B 384	Waltz by Chopin	Wallace Fredericks

Whistling Solos

by Joe Belmont

- | | |
|-------|---------------------------|
| B 387 | American Flag March |
| B 389 | At a Georgia Camp Meeting |
| B 407 | Smokey Mokes |
| B 388 | Whip-poor-will Song |

*The 90 EDISON CONCERT RECORDS
listed above have been made since April 1st,
1900, when Concert Record List No. 129
was issued.*

***THE STORY OF THE PHONOGRAPH.**

(Commenced in May number.)

CHAPTER II—PROPHECY.

As I opened the Box, I found within somewhat of Metal almost like to our Clocks, full of I know not what little Springs and imperceptible Engines. It was a Book, indeed, but a Strange and Wonderful Book, that had neither Leaves or Letters. In fine, it was a Book made wholly for the Ears and not the Eyes. So that when any Body has a mind to read in it, he winds up the Machine with a great many little Springs; and he turns the Hand to the Chapter he desires to hear, and straight, as from the Mouth of Man, or a Musical Instrument, proceed all the distinct and different Sounds, which the Lunar Grandees make use of for expressing their Thoughts, instead of Language.

When I since reflected on this Miraculous Invention, I no longer wondered that the Young-Men of that Country were more knowing at Sixteen or Eighteen years Old, than the Gray-Beards of our Climate; for knowing how to Read as soon as speak, they are never without Lectures, in their Chambers, their Walks, the Town, or Traveling; they may have in their Pockets, or at their Girdles, Thirty of these Books, where they need but wind up a Spring to hear a whole chapter, and so, more, if they have a mind

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to hear the Book quite through; living and dead, who entertain you with Living Voices. This Present employed me about an hour, and then hanging them to my Ears like a pair of Pendants, I went to Walking."

This last paragraph certainly reminds one of the hearing-tube attachment, and conjures up the pictures of people one has seen listening, which pleased expression, to the Phonograph of to-day.

These are the earliest writings to be found that bear prophetically upon the subject. Compare now with another prophecy, written in 1878, after Edison's Phonograph had startled the world.

"Then as to books, there seems some chance ere long the printer's if not the publisher's occupation will be gone, and the present unwieldy form of communication between an author and his readers be abolished. What would one not give to have the 'Christmas Carol' bottled up forever in Dickens' own voice, to be turned out at pleasure. Books, as Mr. Edison truly says, would often be listened to where they are not read; and the possibilities of the instrument in this direction may be learned from the fact that a book of 40,000 words might be recorded on four cylinders, eight inches long, with a diameter of five inches."

Coming down to recent times we find in Tom Hood's "Comic Annual" 1839, the following: "In this century of inventions, when a self-acting drawing paper has been discovered for copying visible subjects (referring to Daguerre's improvements in Photography) who knows but that some future discoverer may find some sort of writing paper to repeat what it hears"—a prophecy literally fulfilled by the indented tin-foil sheet of the early Phonograph.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

THE PARROT DIDN'T LIKE THE PHONOGRAPH.

There was a great deal of amusement on the British steamer Oberon which arrived at Baltimore a few days ago, caused by a scene between a large green parrot and a Phonograph. The machine had been brought aboard by a friend of the Captain's and the parrot's cage stood on the table. Polly is a native of Mexico, and when the Phonograph was started the bird made a quick hop from the bottom of the cage to the perch, looked at the machine in a puzzled manner and swore softly in Spanish. When the machine struck up a merry tune the parrot screeched dismally and swore a little in English. A popular song then followed on the machine and seemed instantly to awaken Polly's soul for music, for the bird at once joined in the chorus of "A Hot Time in the Old Town." When the steward came into the cabin the parrot looked at him reproachfully, as though it considered him responsible for the presence of the strange machine and forthwith consigned him to a place of darkness. Then it sang a few more lines of "A Hot Time," gently crooned a few more phrases in Spanish and closed its eyes as though asleep.

MORALITY—RELIGION.

True morality is founded upon a regard for others. It is a striving after the good and the true in the world here below. Religion is a looking forward to a vague something in the skies. It is a selfishness; a consideration of one's own happiness. Of religion the world has had too much; of morality too little.

The PHONOGRAM

MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION:— THIRTY CENTS A YEAR
Advertising rates to be had on application.

The PHONOGRAM, No. 135 Fifth Avenue, New York

Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK for those interested in the arts of recording and reproducing sound. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phones, Graphs, Grams, and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by him



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¶ There has been current, during recent months, a phrase *like thirty cents* used in a disparaging sense, to impute the worthlessness, triviality, indifference or a general whim-wham quality in the thing thus qualified.

A subscription to the PHONOGRAM costs thirty cents the year; but in no sense shall the phrase *like thirty cents* be applicable.

It is up to you gentle reader, to prove to me that I am not whistling a jig to a milestone or fishing in the air or dropping a bucket in an empty well. It is *your* thirty cents I want.

¶ To him who loves birds and knows them, their songs, their nests and their ways, it is as if a fresh page were daily opened in the great Book of Nature. My bird talks in May and June have interested many. Some indeed have said "Pish! Tush! Ha ha! Fiddlededee! Fudge!" Some have said I was as Yellow as my May Bird, and as Green as my June Bird. This does not make me feel cast down. It shows they read my Bird Talks. It tells me they reached page 27 in May PHONOGRAM, and page 58 in June, (unless perhaps they happened to open to these two pages in these two numbers, and read my Bird Talks and no more. *H. P. B. N. C.)

It is the Silent Member that I am after. You who write to me and talk to me—I am reasonably sure *you* have read my PHONOGRAMS. I have your ears, your eyes and your dimes. I have *your* moral and financial support. But I want the Silent Ones to open up on me. I like to get letters (especially those containing dimes pasted

*"Highly probable but not conclusive," as we logicians say.

in threes, requesting a year's subscription). I like letters asking questions; letters suggesting interest; letters giving experiences; letters containing printable facts.

This month my book plate is the same queer unnameable bush; but I am a Black Bird, sombre hued; staid, serious. At the risk of seeming dull or prosy, I have put away levity as far as possible, exchanging the blithe and merry habits of the Woodpeckers, Yellow and Green, for the dress and manner of the Parson Bird, (*Zool*, a New Zealand Bird *Prothemadera Novaeseelandiae*) remarkable for its powers of mimicry and its ability to articulate words. Its color is glossy black, with a curious tuft of long, curly, white feathers on each side of the throat.

So if this month's PHONOGRAM is a bit solemn, remember next month I shall be a Red Crested Woodpecker, gay, chipper and jolly, or a Whiskey Jack or a Blue Jay or a Cardinal Bird or a Parrot, I will not say at this writing; but bearing still in my beak a scrit or scroll or screed call it as you may.

¶ A Chinese editor apologized for refusing a contribution by saying that if the Emperor ever saw such fine work, he would order the paper to be kept up always to a higher standard than the staff could reach; and that would mean the loss of a head at least. We manage things differently in America.—Savannah, (Ga.) Press.

¶ If you can't get the real thing get the nearest thing to it. The Phonograph, as a music maker, is the *Next Thing to the Real Thing*.

BIRDS FOR SALE.

A Choice Assortment of
ORNITHOLOGICAL ORNAMENTS

For the purpose of studying their habits, I have collected a great variety of Birds of all kinds. To make room for a fresh consignment from my buyers, I must sell, or otherwise dispose of, those for which I have no further use.

The following Birds I have studied carefully. They are in excellent condition; and although slightly shop-worn, they are really worth more than I paid for them, on account of the wide fame and reputation they are enjoying through my Bird Talks.

<p>SUSTAINED BY THEIR REPUTATION</p>
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- | | |
|------------------------|----------------|
| I Scribbling Lark, | very choice |
| I Yellow Bird, | a sweet singer |
| I Yellow Hammer, | rare specimen |
| I European Woodpecker, | a bargain |
- I Yaffle.—an exceedingly scarce variety. Has eight toes on each foot.
- I Yappingale.—bright green plumage; makes a delightful cage bird.
- Parson Bird.—Better than a Sicilian canary.

Here are several Birds for which I have no use at all. Their plumage is not pleasing, and their habits do not commend themselves to me for editorial comment. They are

good birds of their kind. They have certain merits. I offer them for just what they are worth. Take them or leave them.

THEY STAND ON MERIT

- I Mocking Bird.—A fairly good singer; but entirely lacks originality.
- I Cuckoo.—A fine specimen; but it has a bad habit of waiting till the other birds build nests, when it calmly lays its own eggs therein.
- I Black Magpie.—Too mischievous; appropriates to its own use things that belong to other birds.
- I Grey Parrot.—Was originally owned by a Schenectady man; but it swears frightfully and is rapidly corrupting the morals of all my other birds.

Here are some Birds that are in no wise suitable for my purpose, for many reasons. They are versatile singers, all of them, and would prove acceptable ornaments for a Gentleman's Country place.

PLAY 1000 TUNES

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------|
| I Banjo Bird, | I Screech Owl, |
| I Trumpeter, | I Tinamon, |
| I Guinea Hen, | I Laughing Jackass. |

Of rare extinct varieties, I have several specimens. I have one stuffed Great Auk and one Dodo that I would not sell at any price. But I have a hard rubber bas-relief and several fine fossil specimens that I will gladly dispose of.

FLAT AND INDESTRUCTIBLE

I Ichthyornis.—A fragment. Showing teeth, wings and backbone.

I Odontotormae.—An excellent fossil of the Cretaceous Period.

I Baldheaded Rubber-neck Black Swan.—A bas-relief of an extinct pre-historic swan, curiously fashioned with a hole in the centre of the cast. When spun around furiously, with this hole as a pivot, under certain conditions it emits loud screeches supposed to be a musical representation of the song that this particular genus of bird sang as it died. This bas-relief would make a fitting wedding gift, as it is particularly suitable for young children to play with.

This valuable collection must be dispersed. It can be seen at any time at the

PHONOGRAM'S VIVARIUM

otherwise known as Shattuck's Aviary

135 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

Eleventh Floor—Front Suite

TAKE ELEVATOR

¶ Over in Brooklyn, where they are trolly crazy and mobe mad, I hear they have a new Automobile Hearse. It is simply majestic in its sombre magnificence ; and lots of people are just dying to ride in it.

¶ For improving manners and customs nothing is better than music.—*Oriental Maxim.*

KHAKI CLOTH

A New Fabric for Summer Wear

Made famous (in this country, at least) by the Rough Riders and their charge "up the hill."

Until the Spanish-American unpleasantness, what khaki cloth had been used by the U. S. Army was imported from England. For many years England has equipped all her Indian troops with khaki uniforms. The cloth is light weight. It is fairly waterproof. It don't show dirt. It makes a cool garment.

DIRTPROOF

COOL

WATERPROOF

Early in 1898, the United States Government solicited bids from American manufacturers for enough khaki to equip the Cuban Army of Invasion. Contracts were awarded to many firms, with the result of several grades of cloth. One mill in particular, however, produced such an excellent weave that the Government reserved the output of that one mill for the *exclusive use of its OFFICERS*.

N.B.—This is the mill whose Khaki Cloth I offer.

ONE DOLLAR A YARD—36 inches wide

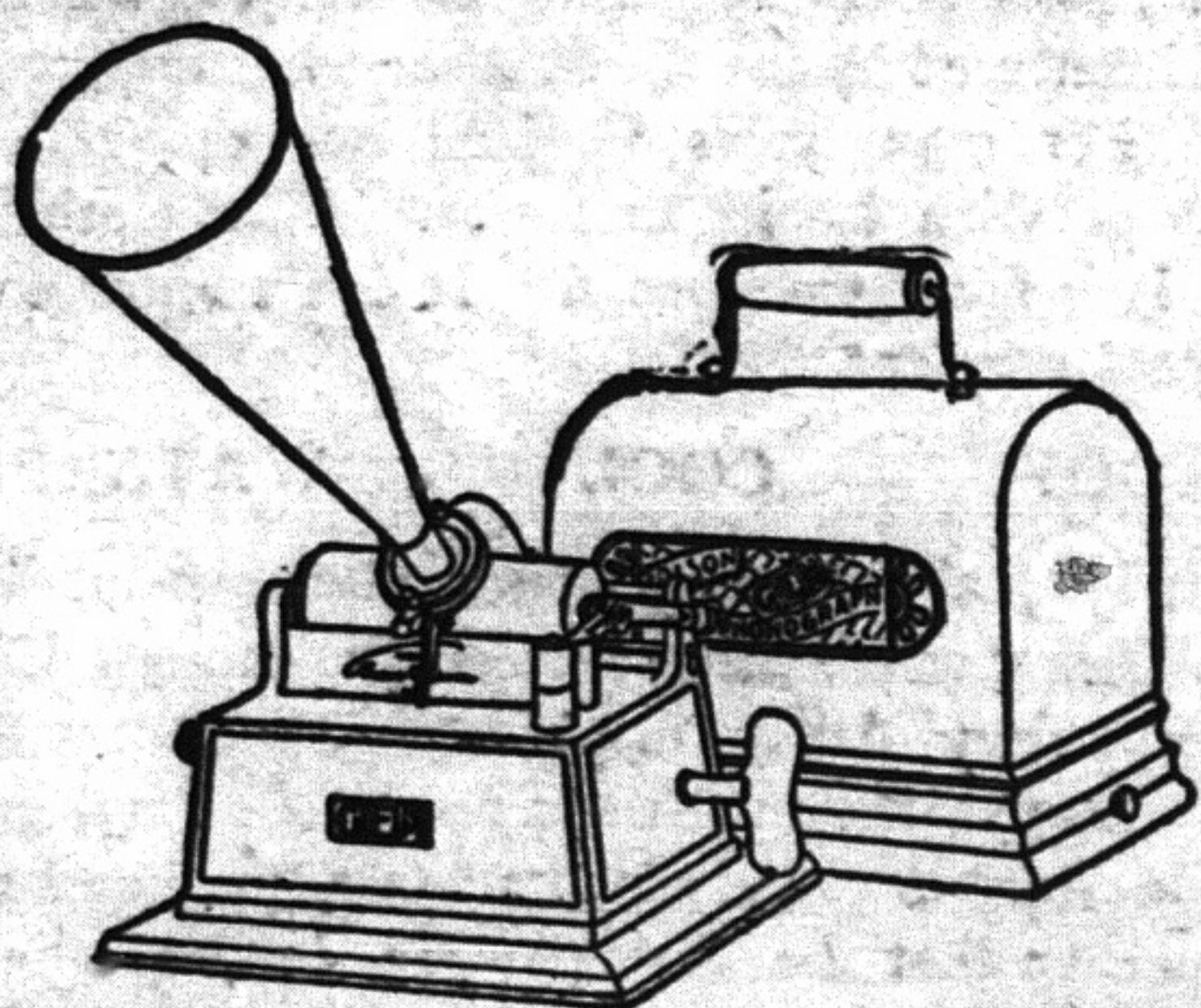
It cannot be excelled in fitness for golf skirts or for walking skirts. For children's use, entire suits are the thing. For men's wear, it is cooler than duck and more serviceable. Samples sent to any one interested. Goods sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. I pay express charges both ways if the fabric does not meet your expectation.

JOHN WRIGHT, 234 Union St., Hackensack, N.J.

N.B.—I respectfully request intending purchasers to avail themselves of my offer to send samples, that I may feel certain that each package sent C. O. D. will stay placed.

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includes, at no extra cost, a 10-inch horn, a carrying cover, a GEM Reproducer, a GEM Recorder, a winding key, an oil can, and a camel's hair chip brush. The GEM (*improved*) is shipped *only* complete as above. Full printed directions with each machine.



The Edison Standard,	- - - -	\$20.00
The Edison Home,	- - - -	30.00
The Edison Triumph (<i>spring motor</i>),		50.00
	<i>Reduced from \$75.00</i>	
The Edison Concert (<i>reduced from \$100</i>),		75.00
Edison Concert Records, each,	- -	1.50
	<i>Reduced from \$2.50 each.</i>	

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